

THE GOAT

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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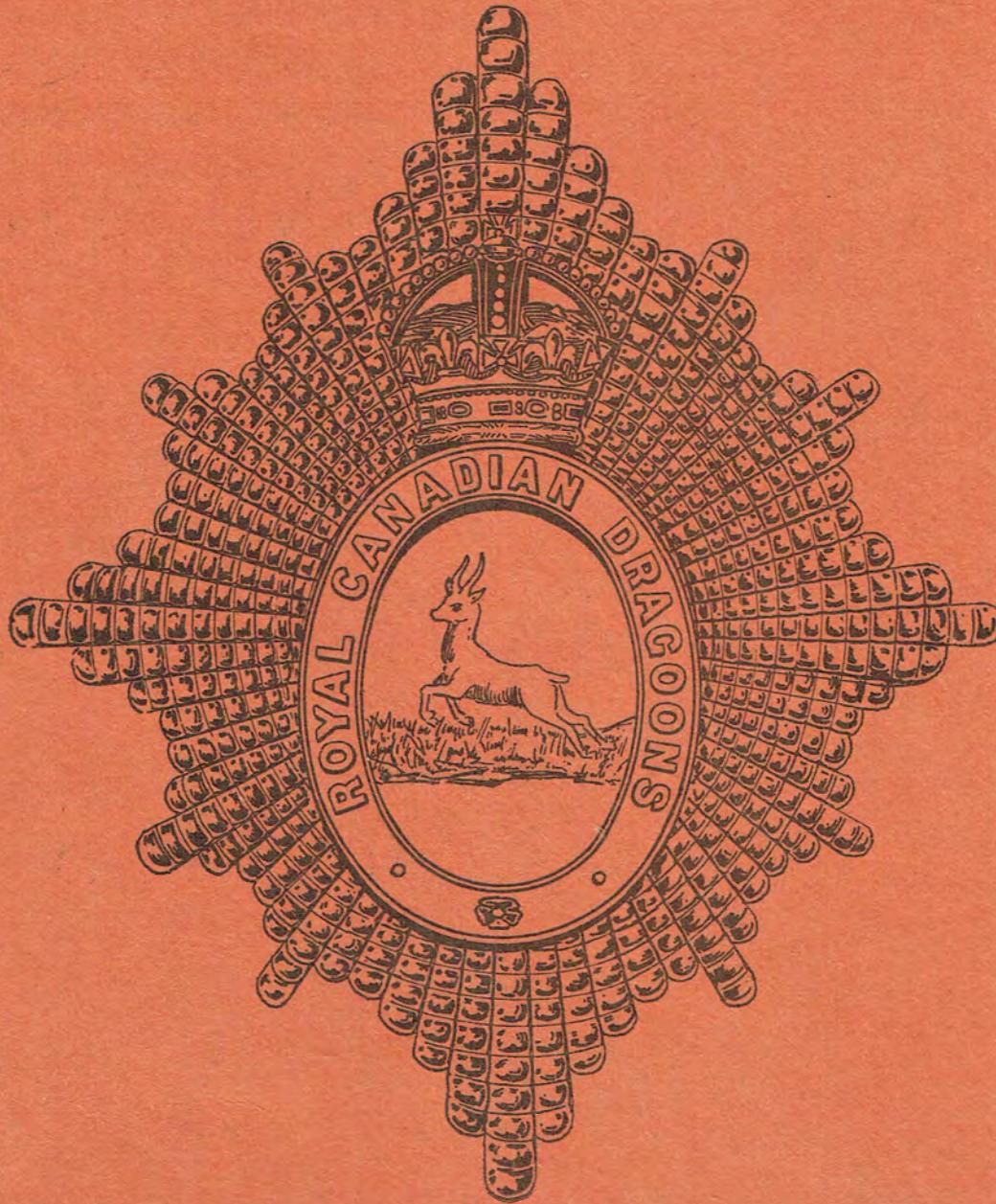
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With the Permission of Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.

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Editorial.

With this number "The Goat" completes the first year of its existence as a regimental magazine. From a financial standpoint the venture has not met with the success anticipated, but various circumstances which could never have been anticipated, contributed in no small measure towards making a deficit out of what had been predicted on as a profit.

Apart from the question of dollars and cents which most unfortunately is the present day appraisal of success or failure, it is not being unduly optimistic if we say the publication has more than justified the confidence of its originators. Our advertisers have been satisfied with their returns and we have nearly three hundred names on our subscription list. We are receiving loyal support from all ranks at present serving with the regiment, and some splendid articles have come from their pens, proving that in time of peace at least, the pen is mightier than the sword.

Our greatest achievement, or at least it is to my humble opinion that it is such, is the connecting links we have established with our old comrades throughout the Empire and in the great Republic to the south. From all parts of the world come letters of appreciation of "The Goat," letters full of interest to us of the present, telling of incidents of the past, and many times seeking information with regard to some dearly-loved pal of the happy days with the "good old Drags." Surely letters such as we have from time to time published must be a great incentive to the serving soldier. What could encourage Esprit de Corps more than to read what those who served before thought and still think of their old unit. Men who have made their mark in military life might very naturally be bestowing praise on the unit from which they imbibed the knowledge which made their future success possible. From these we have listened with pride as they spoke in tones of deep affection of the love they cherished for their old regiment. If their words inspire us, how much more do letters from men who have long since severed all military connections and have been civilians for years but who still look back on their service with the regiment as their happiest days, make us feel proud to serve in such a unit. Their comrades scattered, their old officers gone, living themselves apart from military life in all parts of the world, yet once they get in touch with

the present life of their regiment as depicted in "The Goat," they rush off a letter in which they show in every word that the regimental spirit still lives.

This then is what has been our greatest accomplishment in the past year. I feel sure that the surface has barely been touched and that the formation of the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association will bring to light hundreds of men who will be only too happy to use the columns of "The Goat" as a means of locating lost chums or seeking new ones. While on the subject of the Old Comrades Association, it would add to the prestige and general interest if each member was given a membership card bearing the Regimental Crest. The card could contain his name and membership number and be signed by the president of the association. This is only a suggestion, but it has been adopted in other units.

Before closing, no review of the year's work would be complete without making reference to the splendid co-operation of the editorial staff. Major Hethrington in spite of business pressure and illness, has been invaluable both in collecting reading matter and in sending in cross-word puzzles and articles of exceptional interest. Major Stethem, while not actively connected with the editorial staff, has gone out of his way to forward news when it was hardest to obtain. The subordinate staffs, both at St. Johns and Toronto, have given their time freely and have at all times been most loyal. We have some very excellent literary talent in the regiment and it is not by any means confined to the editorial staff. In fact, our contributions have lately come from so many sources throughout the unit that our objective has been achieved at last, and in giving praise to all ranks for their loyal support, I am also praising the editorial staff, for at last the staff of "The Goat" consists of the personnel of the regiment.

On retiring as editor of "The Goat," and, alas, from the dear old regiment, I can only wish my successor the same support as was given to me. I feel sure that the second year will be more successful financially than the first, and that from time to time more and more subscribers will be added to the list. Let every man make it his business to assist, either by articles, getting advertising matter or subscribers, and "The Goat" will flourish until it becomes, not only a regimental magazine recording the doings of the unit, but a powerful champion of all matters affecting the regiment.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION

The re-organization of the Old Comrades Association which so many members of the regiment, both past and present, have been wishing for so long, and which has frequently been discussed in these columns, is now an accomplished fact. To those who were instrumental in organizing the meeting held at the Armouries on the 30th of last month, at which about seventy past and present members attended and which resulted in the formation of the "Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association," the thanks of all who have the interest of the regiment and of those who have served in the regiment at heart are due.

A "smoker" has been arranged to be held at Stanley Barracks on the 20th inst., at which a large attendance is expected. Over 100 members have already been enrolled in the Association and every effort is being made to increase the membership.

The minutes of the initial meeting were as follows:

Chairman.—Moved by Mr. Dunbar, seconded by Major Medhurst, that Colonel Walker Bell, D.S.O., be appointed chairman of the meeting.—Carried.

Secretary-Treasurer.—Moved by Major Medhurst, seconded by Mr. R. Allen, that J. A. Fyfe be appointed secretary-treasurer of the committee.—Carried.

Name of Organization.—Moved by Major Steer, M.C., seconded by Mr. Walsh, that the association be known as the "Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association."—Carried.

Committee.—Moved by Captain James, seconded by Mr. Walsh, that Mr. Dunbar be appointed chairman of the committee for the

purpose of organizing a dinner, smoker, or other entertainment, at an early date.—Carried.

Moved by Major Medhurst, seconded by Q.M.S.I. Karcher, that the committee consist of five members, including the chairman, two of whom be ex-members and two active members of the regiment.—Carried.

The following were appointed to the committee: Ex-members, Major E. A. Steer, M.C., and Mr. C. Morrison; Active members, R. S.M. G. D. Churchward, M.M., and Q.M.S.I. H. E. Karcher, M.

Entertainment.—Moved by Mr. Hamilton, seconded by Major Steer, that the first entertainment be a smoker, to be held some time around the end of February, the date to be fixed by the committee.—Carried.

Membership Fee.—Moved by Mr. Evans, seconded by Major Steer, that the annual membership fee be \$1.00. That the cost of entertainment be computed by the committee and tickets sold to members covering cost of same.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Walsh, seconded by Mr. Dore, that members who have already paid in to the former Association be considered as having paid the first year's subscription. Amendment, moved by Major Stethem, seconded by Major Steer, that the funds already in hand be put into the fund and that all members joining pay entrance fee of \$1.00. The amendment was lost, and the original motion carried.

Affiliated Members.—Moved by Mr. Higham, seconded by Mr. Hewood, that ex-members of the Lord Starthcona horse and Fort Garry Horse be allowed to join as affiliated members.—Carried.

The meeting then adjourned. We shall publish from month to month the names of the newly-joined members of the Association.



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Personal & Regimental

(Toronto)

Many of our readers will be sorry to learn that old "Dandy," formerly "B 1," died early this month. He spent the last few months of his life in comfort on General Lessard's farm at Meadowvale. Dandy came to the regiment in 1906 and was then four years old.

Captain G. Beresford, R.C.R., is taking an equitation course. We understand that Captain Beresford will shortly be leaving for Halifax and his genial presence will be greatly missed.

From reports received from Kingston it is understood that the general opinion among those taking the present Long Course is that however hard this course may have been in the past it has not grown any easier.

Major H. Stethem was in Ottawa during the week of February 3rd, attending the funeral of his brother-in-law.

We are pleased to have Captain T. A. James again at duty as Quartermaster. Captain James, in addition to performing his duties as Q.M., is still D.L.O.

The Royal School of Cavalry is busy with a large class. The attached squadron is in charge of Captain Berteau. The course commenced on the 1st instant, and consists of the following officers: Pr. Lt. C. H. Morris, D.S.O., M.C., and Bar, 9th Grays Horse; Pr. Lt. J. H. Currie, 9th Grays Horse; Pr. Lt. R. D. Day, M.H., and Pr. Lt. D. E. Tilley, 2nd Dragoons; and twenty N.C.O.'s. On the 15th instant two candidates are expected for the Captains course which starts on that date, and the same numer for the F.O.'s course, commencing on the 22nd.

In addition to the Royal School of Cavalry is conducting an equitation course at which seven officers are in attendance.

The R.C.A.S.C. School will carry out equitation at Stanley Barracks commencing on the 15th instant. There will be twelve candidates and the work will be under an instructor from the R.S.C.

The Toronto Garrison Military Tournament will take place in May. The dates chosen for the event are from the 19th to the 23rd of May. In addition to the evening performances, an after-

noon performance will be staged on the closing day. The executive includes the following officers of the regiment, Hon. Colonel Major General F. L. Lessard, C.B. chairman; Lt.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., Chairman of the Programme and Performance Committee; Major R. S. Timmins, D.S.O., Chairman of the Ring Committee.

There is an exceptionally large course being held at the Royal School of Infantry at Stanley Barracks.

(St. Johns, P.Q.)

Discharged—Tprs. R. D. Craig and C. Duclos have left the service. Our best wishes for their future success accompany them.

No. 940, Tpr. Heffernan, J.J., has been taken on the strength of "A" Squadron.

Attached—Lieut. D. Forsyth, K. (N.S.) C.H., has reported to the Royal School of Cavalry, S. Johns, for instruction.

The following officer and other ranks have reported to the Royal School of Infantry, St. Johns, for instruction:

P/Lieut. H. L. Armstrong.

Frontenac Regiment

Sgt. E. Watts.

Sgt. E. Brown.

Sgt. W. P. Judson.

Sgt. J. A. Wormworth.

Durham Regiment

Sgt. C. I. Natrass.

Sgt. H. Sherrit.

Sgt. G. Raper.

Cpl. Hallowell.

Cpl. Falls.

Sgt. L. O. O'Neill.

Capt. Halkett M.C., is proceeding to Montreal daily, where he is taking an X-ray course.

A very pleasant dance was held in the Sergeants Mess on January 15th. The Barrack Orchestra was in attendance.

A card party was held in the Sergeants Mess on January 30th. After the card games, dancing was carried on to a late hour. Mrs. C. Hill officiated at the piano.

The Corporals' and Mens' Messes gave a dance on February 12th. The hall was very tastefully decorated and the music left nothing to be desired. During intermission the usual lavish refreshments were served. Dancing was continued up to 1.30 a.m.

Old Comrades.

We are in receipt of the following names and addresses from Mr. Robert Higham:

(No. 548) Mr. B. Ackerstream, fireman, No. 3 Firehall, Winnipeg, Man.

(No. 14774) Mr. H. A. Pickering, 1068 American Ave., Long Beach, California, U.S.A.

(No. 14729) Mr. Jack Hind, Sherman Street, Winnipeg, Man.

(No. 14734) Mr. C. Goodman, Superintendent's office, C.N.R. Station, Winnipeg, Man.

Captain W. Forty, who served with the regiment as paymaster, is now with the Bank of Montreal, LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Ex-Tpr. Barry, who served with "A" Squadron, was a visitor at St. Johns during the past month.

"A" Squadron vs. Old Boys

It was with great pleasure that we heard a hockey game had been arranged between "A" Squadron and some of our old boys who are resident in Montreal. The game took place on Saturday evening, January 23rd, and was witnessed by a large crowd. The score was 9 to 4 in favour of "A" Squadron. Lack of condition was the chief handicap under which the visitors laboured. One must expect this from those leading a life of pampered ease. The game was not one-sided by any means, and the Squadron team had to extend themselves to win. "Biddy" Penny's abbreviated costume, coupled with his antics in the net, occasioned much merriment. After the game, players and spectators adjourned to the mess-room, where an impromptu smoking concert was held. It is hoped that this event will be an annual one, as nothing can bind the past and present members of the unit than the mutual participation in sport. We would suggest that games be arranged with the old boys during the summer months, providing our dear dark brethren in Nova Scotia do not desire our company.

Teams and players:

"A" Squadron	Old Comrades
Constantine	goal
Rowe	defence
Martin	defence
Green	forward
Beaulieu	"
Boucher	"
Subs., McKerral,	Greenwood
Brennan and	Short
Ross.	

Notes from Montreal.

The Royal Montreal Regiment is now thoroughly installed in the new armoury, which was opened a few days before New Year's Day by the Minister of National Defence. The opening was largely attended, and in spite of the ample size of the new armoury, it was not possible for the public to be admitted until after the opening ceremonies were completed.

Keen interest is being taken in indoor baseball this winter. Royal Highlanders are going strong, with the Maisonneuve Regiment a close second. The Victoria Rifles have suffered heavy casualties to their team, only four of last year's regulars being on the line-up. Nevertheless, they succeeded in holding the leaders to 18—14 the other day, the play being even closer than the scoring shows.

The Small Bore League is in full swing, about twelve teams being entered in two divisions. The standard of shooting is very high, the Victoria Rifles and the R.M.R. being keen competitors.

A lecture took place on Wednesday, February 10th, under the auspices of the United Services Club, at which Major-General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, Ottawa, gave his impressions of the autumn manoeuvres in England in 1925. The meeting, which was preceded by a dinner, was very largely attended.

This is the slack season between winter and spring training for most city units. Several courses are running at the same time. The C.A.M.C. are holding qualifying courses for medical officers. The machine gun units are assisting in a course for machine gun officers which is held in rotation at the Verdun and Laval armories, the lectures taking place at district headquarters. The signal personnel of units have an opportunity to attend a provisional school of signalling. At the same time the correspondence course for officers (infantry) is drawing to a close.

Rumour hath it that the provisional school is doomed to disappear before knowledge by mail. It is even hinted that cavalry will be included in the system next year.

The annual inspection of "A" Squadron, 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars, took place on January 18th, 1926. As normally annual training is performed in camp, the occasion

was an unusual one. The inspecting officer, Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.M.G., D.S.O., was received with a general salute by "A" Squadron and details from Regimental Headquarters, under Major B. C. Hutchison, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., commanding "A" Squadron. After the inspection the troops ranked past by sections and reformed for muster parade. The quarters were then inspected, and General Armstrong was much interested in the dummy horse which has recently been taken on strength. The dummy was formerly used to fit and display harness, and being a very careful model of an actual animal, is extremely useful for lectures and teaching positions to recruits.

After the inspection light refreshments were served in the various messes, the party not breaking up until well on in the small hours. General Armstrong was accompanied by Lt.-Col. K. M. Perry, D.S.O., R.C.R., Major W. Neilson, D.S.O., R.C.R., and Captain L. Lacroix, R.C.A.P.C. Among others present were Lt.-Col. L. M. Hooker, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., commanding the regiment, Lt.-Col. W. E. Date, a former commander of "A" Squadron, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., Major A. G. Nutter, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., representing the Third Mounted Brigade, and Captain H. E. R. Steele, M.C., the Winnipeg Grenadiers, who has just returned from the Canadian Arctic. Later in the evening Lt.-Col. H. Chasse, Royal 22nd Regiment, and Lt.-Col. E. Ranger, les C.M.R., dropped in.

Training is proceeding rapidly. Riding instruction will cease at the end of February until the snow has gone and work can be done on the mountain in the evenings, when larger rides can be arranged. Meanwhile, drill instruction dismounted will finish at the end of February, and elementary musketry at the same time. March will be devoted to more advanced work, with landscape targets and fire orders, with sand-model schemes for other ranks and staff rides of the "allez-allez" brand for officers on Sundays.

The Sergeants Mess have held several successful dances this season. A regimental dance was held on the 12th of February, and another will be held in March. Every alternate Friday is used for dances.

Sports nights are held every Tuesday. Fencing is being keenly followed, under Captain Johnson, and boxing is starting under Tpr. Walsh, who is one of the stand-

bys of the M.A.A.A.

It is planned to hold a smoker and assault-at-arms towards the end of March, and preparations are under way to provide some novel "turns."

The D.Y.R.C.H. welcomes a new officer in Lieut. (Quartermaster) H. Bates. Mr. Bates was formerly a pilot officer in the R.N.A.S. and served in the Mediterranean and in France.

Capt. H. E. R. Steele, M.C., the Winnipeg Grenadiers, is attached to the 17th D.Y.R.C.H. for instruction. It is understood that Capt. Steele intends to follow the family tradition and take up mounted work as soon as he can convert his infantry qualifications into cavalry ones.

Weekly lectures are being held at the Lachute Armoury and are proving very successful.

On Saturday, February 6th, Lt.-Col. L. M. Hooker, commanding the 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars, and the officers of the regiment, were hosts at a very pleasant dinner tendered to the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, Hon.-Lt.-

Col. Sir George Perley, K.C.M.G. The dinner was held in Lachute, covers being laid for about thirty guests. Among those present from Montreal were Lieut.-Col. K. M. Perry, D.S.O., R.C.R., Lieut.-Col. J. K. Keebler, Major B. C. Hutchison, 17th, D.Y.R.C.H., Capt. H. W. Johnson, D.Y.R.C.H., Capt. S. A. Terroux, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., Lieuts. H. Bates and F. O. Peterson, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. Lachute officers included Capt. M. C. W. Copeland, Capt. R. H. D. Todd, Lieuts. W. W. J. Morris, W. J. Bryant, W. T. Morrow, B. H. Bradford and H. W. Butler, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. Guests in the vicinity were the mayor and wardens, Major Willmans and Major Smith.

Lew Lazarus was hauled up before the magistrate on a charge of disturbing the peace. After hearing the case, the magistrate decided that Lazarus was not to blame, and said to him:

"Why did you explain everything to the policeman at the time you were arrested?"

"Explain?" blurted the injured innocent. "How could I explain? Dey handcuffed me before I could say a word, your worship!"

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A Sad Thought.—I thought for a while that "The Goat" had gone the way of other publications when the great family journal failed to appear at its appointed time. It's a good thing for the staff that they are not running a daily edition.

Whl is This?—In looking over the January issue and the picture of the Three Guardsmen, taken at Chicago, I noticed that the cigarettes were not all held in the proper hand. Don't let this happen again, lads, it looks like Hell.

Garrison Ball.—The annual ball given by the officers of His Majesty's Forces in Ottawa was held at the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 1st instant. Over 300 guests were present, and the show carried on until the early hours of the next day. A wonderful time was had, and I grieve to say that some fell amongst thorns.

Sergeants' Dance Also.—The annual dance of the Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants Association was held on the evening of the 12th instant at the Balmoral. Guests from Toronto and Montreal regiments were present, also representative officers from the city units.

Quartermasters School.—Various details from the P.F. are attending a course of instruction here. Q.M.S. Hilton, from Toronto, is among those giving Ottawa the once-over.

Ye Ed Was Here.—Major Roy Nordheimer, from St. Johns, was in town for a few days, giving the natives a few pointers on how a cavalryman should carry on when not on duty. We will be sorry to miss the genial editor from this land, but hope our loss will be someone's gain. Boy, page Mr. Darow.

Is Western Member.—Among the sessional visitors here is Major W. W. Kennedy, M.C., the member for Winnipeg South Centre. Major Kennedy was with the 8th Battalion overseas, and is at present the second-in-command of the Fort Garry Horse at Winnipeg.

For Cross-Word Fans.—What does shrdlu mean?

Think This Over.—A New York Jew's clerk asked him for a little

raise in wages, to which the Jew replied:

"Vot do you vant of a raise? Dere iss 365 days in der year. You works eight hours a day, dot iss 122 days. Dere iss 52 Sundays in der year vich you gets off. Dot leafs you 70 days. Dere is 14 legal holidays undt 2 Jewish holidays vich you get, leafing 54 days. You takes vun hour for lunch vich makes 14 days, leafing you 40 days. You iss off every Saturday afternoon, vich makes 26 days, leafing 14 days. I giffs you two weeks vacation on top of dot. Say, mine frent, vot in hell are you talking about? Ven do you work?"

Could This Be Done?—That was a swell excuse that the headquarters staff of "The Goat" put over for failing to deliver their paper on time. Like one of the Chinese battles last year that were delayed on account of rain. We might read something like this in the next war: "Owing to absence on leave of the General Commanding the —th Army, the battle scheduled for this morning has been postponed. Tickets sold are available at a later date. Keep your ambulance seat checks."

New Edition.—I hear that Gilbert Knox is to get out a second volume of "The Land of Afternoon," in which the Headquarters staff are to be put under the spotlight. This way for the cyclone cellar.

Read This One.—One of the best books of the season is "If I were King," by Arthur Meighen.

Reunion Dinners.—The annual dinner of the South African Veterans Association will be held on the evening of the 27th instant at Holt's Hotel, Aylmer. The P.P. C.L.I. Association dine at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club on the evening of the 6th of March.

Brass Hats to Confer.—On the 9th of April there will be important military events in Ottawa. That being the anniversary of the famous Vimy Battle in the Great War, His Excellency Baron Byng of Vimy, Governor General of Canada, will entertain at dinner at Rideau Hall, officers representing all the units of the former Canadian Expeditionary Force.

During that day also there will be held the annual meeting of the Canadian Infantry Association in the Chateau Laurier. At this meeting there will be at least one delegate from every military district. Altogether there will be about 15 official delegates repre-

senting various units, and about 40 others. Major W. B. Megloughlin, of Royal Ottawa Highlanders, is secretary of the association. On the day preceding this meeting the advisory committee of the association will meet and go through the various resolutions which have been sent in for consideration at the annual meeting. All Divisional Commanders will attend the meetings.

BRAN MASH

It is rumoured that one of our P. T. instructors contemplates the introduction of "Ring o' Roses" and "Hopscotch" into the recruits' table. This will undoubtedly make a "brighter St. Johns."

Our guard-room correspondent informs us that the orderly officer, while visiting the stable in the "wee sma' hours," discovered the sentry (one of those picked out for treatment, he being believed to be an intelligent trooper) performing various troop formations with the aid of the goat.

Owing to the fantastic dress recently assumed by one of our last-joined recruits, many unsophisticated persons in barracks are wondering if the person who assisted him to dress was ever a property man for the 101 Ranch.

Can anybody account for the mysterious wraith-like figure that can be seen at all times in various corners of the library attired in a First Troop hockey sweater and which mysteriously vanishes on the approach of the orderly officer? The answer is "Will Cox never buy?"

The ladies of St. Johns are baffled by the intelligent expressions at present exhibited on some formerly familiar faces. We can only attribute this to the many courses at present in progress at the R.S. of C.

The news that a new war has broken out in Italy has been proven incorrect. It was only a party of Scotchmen unpacking their luncheon in front of the Cave of a Thousand Echos.

During a recent musketry lesson the instructor, whilst demonstrating "how to load," remarked, "There are now five cartridges in the breech." A splendid example of forcible feeding, no doubt.

Beatrice: "What would you do if you could play the piano like me?"

Margaret: "I'd take lessons."

The Cavalry Divisional Training and Manoeuvres, 1925.

(From The Cavalry Journal)

For the first time since 1913 the Cavalry Division assembled, under peace conditions for training and manoeuvres. Considering that 90 per cent. of the personnel who took part had never seen anything larger than a brigade, and some of them no larger body than their own unit, the assembly of the Division in itself was of sufficient value to justify the expenditure. It was a great opportunity for all those who took part to find out the weak points of their previous training, carried out since the war.

Many a young polo player, gifted perhaps with a good eye and beginning to make a name for himself in the station game, will remember the disillusionment of his first match. It was all so different from what he had expected! This year's training and manoeuvres must have given a similar feeling to many young officers and soldiers who were initiated into something bigger than a regimental exercise. It is hoped that they will carry out their next year's unit training with a renewed vigour and with a real knowledge of what to teach and what mistakes to avoid. No divisional drill was carried out during the training, but it must not be thought that the value of drill has in any way diminished. It is still as important as ever that horses should be well schooled and units perfected in drill. The time available did not admit of its being carried out in the larger formation.

The various schemes were framed with the following objects:

(a) A general "speeding-up" of the rate of march and manoeuvre so as to bring out the full value of mobility. The actual speed of the horse is a secondary consideration. Quick thinking, good map-reading, rapid appreciation of situations, clear orders, good ground reconnaissance are the real key to the problem.

(b) The movement of troops in really open formations as opposed to the "mass" formations of pre-war days. This is the only sound method of practising concealment from the air and minimising casualties from shell fire or bombing. It gives room to manoeuvre in event of either, without the endless confusion which a mass formation would be thrown into under similar conditions.

(c) Concentration on extended lines. With brigades or mile or more apart, regiments half a mile, and the squadrons several hundred yards apart, a division is just as well "concentrated" as it would be in mass, provided the communications are perfect and respective commands under control.

(d) Reconnaissance of all kinds. Every cavalry unit must carry out continuous reconnaissance on its own initiative in addition to such reconnaissances as may be called for from the next higher unit. This applies specially when units are at the halt and to ground reconnaissance of all routes which the unit may suddenly be called upon to take.

(e) Co-operation with Air, Tanks, Mechanical Artillery, Armoured cars, Infantry in lorries, etc. Many valuable lessons were learned under this heading; the necessity of having alternate dropping stations previously arranged, anti-aircraft defence, the best method of defence against enemy armoured cars, combined reconnaissance by cavalry and armoured cars, combined attacks by cavalry and tanks, and anti-tank defence by use of guns.

(f) Communications. The fact that the division was not given a complete signal squadron was the one blot on the training. It was not possible to carry out any real test of wireless, except by means of the R.T., with aeroplanes, which proved most effective.

(g) March discipline and horse management. The standard of the former was distinctly above that of pre-war days.

(h) Supply of food and ammunition. The new "train" arrangements were tested on manoeuvres and many valuable lessons learned. It was proved that the present mechanical means of supply cannot be relied on to reach the smaller units during extended operations. It would, therefore, appear advisable that all units should carry emergency rations and be independent of the transport if the latter should fail to reach them.

All the above lessons can, and should be, learned by units during squadron and regimental training, but the standard of efficiency of the smaller units can only be really tested when they come together in larger formations, and this is the real value of divisional training and manoeuvres.

Throughout the training two outstanding facts were exemplified: (1) That units which had been previously trained in a brigade showed a much higher standard of training than those stationed by themselves. (2) That the brigade quartered near the best

training ground exemplified the advantage of being so situated.

Army Manoeuvres

It was satisfactory to notice that the lessons taught during divisional training bore fruit in the army manoeuvres.

It was unfortunate that the task given to the mobile division of the Western army did not give more scope for mobility, but the units carried out their rôles in accordance with the orders given to them in an efficient manner.

There was a distinct failure on the second day of the manoeuvres to keep touch with the enemy gained on the previous evening. This failure to keep touch is put down to the fact that squadrons and regiments, during their unit training, had not been given the opportunity of practice. During this training, operations are not sufficiently "continuous," the most extended probably consisting of a night march followed by an attack at dawn.

On the third day of the manoeuvres the 2nd Cavalry Brigade gave a good example of the speeding-up which had been practised during training. Having been held in corps reserve until a somewhat late hour, they were sudden-

ly ordered to move to the right flank and seize Hower Hill. The distance was ten miles, and they covered it in one hour and thirty-five minutes, which included a delay of ten minutes caused by opposition en route, and the seizing and occupation of the hill—in the latter, it is true "they were assisted by the fact that the enemy holding the hill were having their breakfast in a wood without any outposts."

The weather conditions throughout the army manoeuvres were as bad as they well could be, but all ranks had the true "cavalry spirit" and showed that they were prepared to carry the operations through under any conditions.

At a public levee at the Court of St. James', a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "Pray, my lord, who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?"

"That lady, sir," replied his lordship, "is my sister."

The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out, "No, no, my lord—I beg your pardon—I meant that very ugly woman who stands near Lord S— and so."

"That lady, sir, is my wife."

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76 Richelieu St. St. Johns

Garrison Rifle Association,

January Shoot

(By Q.M.S.I. R. J. Brown,
R.C.D.)

The shoot fired during the last week of January further demonstrated the fact that interest in this form of sport is being maintained at a high level. Notwithstanding the extreme cold, the majority of members turned out to shoot, the few absentees being compelled by illness or some such cause to remain indoors.

The R.C.R. turned out a one hundred per cent. attendance, and again carried off the team prize, with a margin of two points over Second Troop.

The Second Troop, winning six out of the ten prizes, carried off the lion's share of the honours.

Tpr. Gilmore, Second Troop, won first prize in the first class with the high score of 97, a remarkable score for an "open sight" shoot on a range where the lighting facilities are not very good.

The Ottawa team made a total score of 875, an average of 87.5. This average should be increased to 90 in February, if, as is expected, aperture sights are fixed on the rifles of all first-class shots.

The prize-winners are appended hereunder:

1st Class

Tpr. Gilmore, 2nd Troop	97
Q.M.S.I. Brown, 2nd Troop	93
L/Cpl. Mellish, R.C.R.	89

2nd Class

Sgt. Bazley, R.C.R.	91
Sgt. Langley, 2nd Troop	90
L/Cpl. Rowe, 3rd Troop	83

3rd Class

Tpr. Harrington, 2nd Troop	75
Tpr. Constantine, 2nd Troop	71
Tpr. Mundell, 2nd Troop	70

Recruit's Prize

Pte. Chouinard, R.C.R.	71
------------------------	----

Team Prize, The R.C.R.

Capt. Balders	78
Lieut. Clarke	76
Sgt. Bazley	91
Sgt. Rayner	73
L/Cpl. Mellish	89
Pte. Chapman	83
Pte. Blais	79
Q.M.S. Muise, R.C.A.M.C.	73
Total score	642

Second Troop

Tpr. Gilmore	97
Q.M.S.I. Brown	93
Sgt. Langley	90
Tpr. Harrington	75
L/Cpl. Frazer	72
Tpr. Wheeler	72
Tpr. Constantine	71
Tpr. Mundell	70
Total score	640

The Ottawa Team

Tpr. Gilmore, 2nd Troop	97
Q.M.S.I. Brown, 2nd Troop	93
Sgt. Baizley, R.C.R.	91
Sgt. Langley, 2nd Troop	90
L/Cpl. Mellish, R.C.R.	89
Pte. Chapman, R.C.R.	83
Tpr. Caillyer, 3rd Troop	83
L/Cpl. Rowe, 3rd Troop	83
S.S.M. Smith, 1st Troop	82
Sgt. Davies, 3rd Troop	81
Total	872

We Are Anxious To Know.

The identity of the individual who, on the afternoon of the date of our last dance, was observed wandering around barracks with a pair of much-greased trousers over his arm, looking for the Detroit Free Press. All Scotchmen may read this item twice over.

If the N.C.O. attending the Royal School of Cavalry who ordered the ride to mark time had a grudge against the Farrier Sergeant.

Why everyone in the Sergeants' Mess smiles when anyone hums "Sons of the Sea."

If the newly-formed St. Johns police force has solved the mystery of how the powder puff happened to be found in a certain sergeant-major's pocket.

Where "Dave" Gardner celebrated his birthday, and why.

Why John Langley did not compete in the Provincial Championships. We thought he was in training over the Xmas season.

If St. Johns is not becoming as bright as Picadilly. We have now the famous "corner house."

Was it an honest endeavour to be cured that actuated a N.C.O. attached to the Royal School of Infantry who, when asked if he had "any complaints" by the Or-

derly Officer on his visit to the hospital, replied, "Yes, sir; I think I've got the scabies."

If the rumour that "Bob" Harris has offered himself as a subject for experimentation to the learned professors who are striving to effect a cure for sleeping sickness, is absolutely without foundation.

If it is not a shame that the various "defences" "Red" Green has been opposed to this season will consistently make him very angry by deliberately frustrating his efforts to score.

Why Tpr. Mowatt has not been sick lately. And if "banana oil" is not the only oily and modern retort.

If the members of the station hospital persist in learning to play musical (and otherwise) instruments will it mean a great saving in anaesthetics. We thought the M.O. might revert to the old style and have the band play loudly while the operation is performed in order to drown the cries of pain

If "Charlie" Hill, who has had his education materially improved lately by learning a fashionable card game, does not call this game "the bridge of sighs."

The young ladies who come from Quebec
Are old-fashioned; they don't give a heck

For games athletic.
Now ain't that pathetic?
But by gosh! they surely can
"neck."

The deputy-governor of the prison was looking over a few of the new arrivals. Among them was a tall forlorn-looking gentleman with the air of a duke, who appeared to take things very hard, to judge by the way he sighed every few minutes.

"What's your trouble?" asked the deputy-governor.

"My sentence," came the reply.
"I don't think I shall be able to do all this time the judge has given me."

"Oh," said the deputy. "How long have you got?"

"Life," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Never mind," answered the deputy, not unkindly, "do as much as you can."

Daring Pilot: "Half the people down there thought we were going to fall."

Passenger: "So did half the people up here."

Cushy of Staff Job

For the purpose of simplifying the explanation of this term, we will divide the troopers into two classes — those who do duty and those who don't, the latter being called "employed." The reason for so designating the latter class of trooper is very vague. We have observed the "employed" from every angle and have always found them anything but. The duty-man acts as valet to an equine quadruped, which is, rather funnily, the pride and bane of his existence. When he shows his girl round the stable on Sunday afternoon and, pointing to an animal, says, "That's my chagah," his normal allowance of two inches chest expansion seems hardly sufficient; but when he leads his horse out for inspection at noon-stables he is mentally consigning it to a warmer clime. The duty-man exercises his steed and is also very useful for allowing instructors the means to practise the latest jaw-breaker culled from the dictionary over-night, or it may be some witticism resurrected from a shady and remote past. The employed man is the aristocrat of the trooper class. A horse fills him with repugnance; the stable odour renders him quite bilious, while the sight of a body-brush has been known to send him into hysterics. The employed man graduates from the ranks; some achieve this greatness for their special ability at being able to say "Yes, sir," on every conceivable occasion, while others have this rank thrust upon them—like promotion in the Instructional Cadre — through no fault of their own, they being unfitted in the higher sciences of wielding a bass-broom. A man who is employed is said to have a staff or cushy job.

Barrel Dancers

This is a species of the genus homo. The plants are rather malformed, caused by the young plants being over-soaked in a liquid extracted from hops. They are to be found in profusion in any canteen. A very hardy plant, they can stand a lot of abuse which would be fatal to the average. They are not very ornamental. They have the absorbent qualities of a sponge and the "stinging" propensities of the common or garden nettle. We have one or two splendid specimens in our canteen. One, we quite forget the variety, thrives very well indeed, but perhaps this is because it receives every attention from the "Gardener." Another not to be

"treated" lightly is called the "Kassadee."

"Du Lalli Tap"

A very serious complaint from which many old soldiers suffer. It is aggravated by long service in bad stations. Is not contracted in Canada very often. However, many sufferers from the disease are to be found throughout the Dominion. At one time it was rumoured that when Mickey Gilmore and George Jennings returned from India after meeting Chunky Bray and his partner in the International Phat Tournament, they had introduced the germs of this disease, but this can hardly be correct. We have known these gentlemen for a number of years and have always found them almost human.

Symptoms.—A raging thirst, great fluency in both languages—good and bad; conversation begins diminuendo, gradually rises to fortissimo, then tapers off into incoherency, when patient foams at the mouth. If patient is an Indian major of the old school these symptoms will be accompanied by exaggerated gesticulation.

Treatment.—Humour the patient by smiling while he raves. This will have the effect of increasing the patient's ire. If this treatment is continued the patient will probably burst six or seven blood vessels. In some cases, unfortunately, one has to resort to the wastage of ammunition.

"Swinging the Lead"

This comes under the heading of indoor sports. A good "lead-swinger" is born, not made. Cases have been known where men have tried for years and never attained proficiency in this sport. On the other hand, recruits have taken to the game like a "duck takes to water." The prevailing idea of this game is—Never do yourself what some other fellow may do for you, ad the motto blazoned on every lead-swinger's brain is, when in doubt, go sick. The lead-swinging championship in St. Johns has been narrowed down to two contestants. We have a good idea who will prove the winner, but if we declared the name now, "Forsooth" people would say we harboured favouritism.

These are just a few definitions of expressions that came to the writer's mind. If any reader of our widely-read magazine should require any further information on this subject the writer will be only too pleased to place the benefit of his wide military experiences at their service.

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Here and There.

An advance party of the 12th Lancers (Prince of Wales') (O.C. Lieutenant-Colonel J. Blakiston-Houston, D.S.O.), arrived last week at Hounslow from Tidworth, where the regiment is due next month. The 12th were last stationed at Hounslow in 1890.

The King's Medal with clasp 1925 has been won by the following: Home Forces: Sgt. Major W. Jagger, 2nd Battalion, the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Australian forces: Warrant Officer B. Taylor, the Australian Instructional Corps. South African Forces: Captain R. Bodley, 5th Mounted Rifles (Imperial Light Horse). Canadian Forces: Lieutenant D. T. Burke, the Governor-General's Foot Guards. The medal with clasp "1923" for the champion shot in India has been won by Risaldar Abdul Rauf, Khan, 2nd Lancers, (Gardener's Horse).

During the past five years some 6,000,000 people in Great Britain, the Dominions and the Colonies have received medals for service rendered in the Great War. At present medals are being issued weekly to between 200 and 300 persons. There are still, however, some 200,000 people who, though entitled to medals, cannot be traced by the War Office owing to their having changed addresses either at home or abroad. The War Office has taken every reasonable step to find these people and, with the co-operation of the press and the British Broadcasting Company, a very large number have been found, especially in the last twelve months. But the distribution to the remaining 200,000 people can only be expedited by those entitled realising the necessity of communicating their present addresses to the Medals Branch, War Office, London, England.

Mr. Archibald White Maconochie, managing director of Maconochie Bros., Millwall, E., the firm which makes the Maconochie ration, known to every campaigning British force for more than 30 years, died in London in his 71st year. The ration, his own invention, consisted of beef, vegetables, and gravy, ready cooked, in tins. Many million tins were distributed each year on nearly all the fighting fronts during the war. Maconochie Bros., Ltd., was begun in a small way in Lowestoft in 1873 by Mr. Maconochie, then aged 17, and his elder brother, James, aged 21. They bought herrings for the Lon-

don fish market. In 1877 the firm began a fish preserving and curing business in Lowestoft. When in the 'nineties the firm moved its headquarters to London, the different articles of foodstuffs and condiments prepared ran into hundreds.

Mr. Maconochie was a member of the Tariff Commission in 1904 and Liberal-Unionist M.P. for East Aberdeenshire in 1900-1906.

The death of a nun on February 2nd at the Convent of the Visitation at Mont St. Amand, a Ghent suburb recalls the exploit of the late Flight Sub-Lieut. Warnesford, who on June 7th, 1915, sent to its doom in flames a Zeppelin which was returning from a raid on England. Lieut. Warnesford was awarded the V.C.

The blazing airship fell on the convent, and the nun received injuries from which she had suffered ever since.

GARRISON GYMNASIUM

Revised Regulations for 1926

1. Smoke, throw matches and cigarette butts on floor.
2. Spit on floor and on stoves, especially after being black-leaded (same as you would do at home).
3. Dress.—Old clothes, overalls, old heavy boots with plenty of mud on, is good for smearing a hard-wood waxed floor, especially the day a dance is called for.
4. When parading for gym work be sure to put on your heaviest boots and go out bareheaded. (It cools the brain).

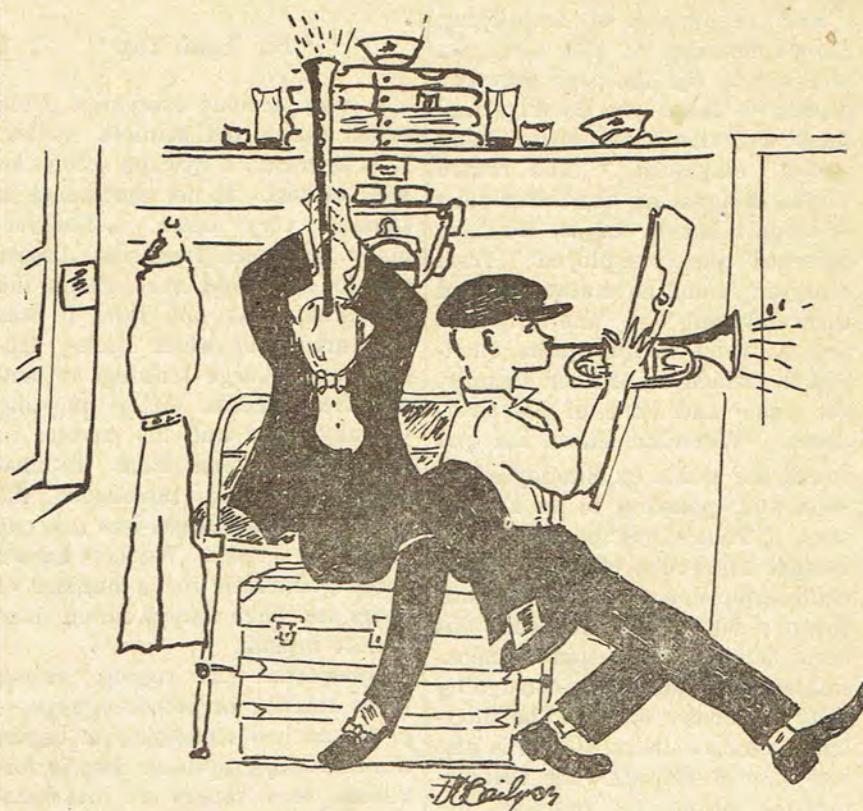
5. All men when working the apparatus be sure to lift the pulley with the weights on up to the full extent, then let go. Fine way to bring all the whitewash down from walls and ceiling, loosen the screws, break the cords and put the same out of order. If in doubt as to how to use it, ask Duff.

6. Badminton Court Equipment. Available at any time, Saturdays and Sundays are good days for this sport, nights up till 12 mn. preferable. Good sport to watch the electric light globes break. The Q.M.S. and Duff greatly appreciate this game.

7. All gym. and sporting gear to be taken away without permission from T. Duff. This is easily done, as he is out doing incidental repairs, etc., to barracks, and if the store room is locked be sure to break the lock.

8. After using the gym. equipment throw it all over the floor, mats, clubs, vaulting horses, gloves, medicine balls, etc. Good exercise for Duff, and don't for-

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"



Members of the Barrack Orchestra at play. It will be noticed that the gentleman on the left has succeeded in straightening out his instrument. The one on the right hopes to emulate his example in the near future.

get just before medical inspection on a Friday and C.O.'s inspection Saturdays. (Now you R.C.R.).

9. Be sure to ask T. Duff every time you enter the gym. when the next dance is. He is fond of dancing.

10. After using the gym., when perspiring, be sure to stand outside, especially in cold weather, stripped until thoroughly cooled off and then remain in dock till the undertaker comes to measure you for your suit for your Eternal Home.

BRAN MASH

A saxophone sounds funny

When you begin to play;
But after forty lessons
It sounds worse every day.

The teacher asked little Ruth what her father's name was, and the child answered "Daddy."

"Yes, dear," said the teacher, "but what does your mother call him?"

"She don't call him nuthin'," Ruth answered earnestly. "She likes him."

MacTavish had deposited his savings, which amounted to five hundred pounds, in a certain bank.

A few weeks later he approached the teller and demanded his money. He was asked if he did not want to leave a small balance

jus to keep the account open.

"No," he persisted, "I want my money."

So the teller counted out the five hundred pounds and handed the bundle of notes to him. With great deliberation he counted the money and handed it back.

"That's O.K.," he said; "I only wanted to see if it was all there."

An inspector asked a class with what weapon Samson slew the Philistines, but got no reply.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to his jawbone.

"The jawbone of an ass," was the prompt reply of a smart scholar.

A well-known big-game hunter tells the story of how one evening he was returning to camp in South Africa from a prospecting expedition, unarmed and alone, when to his horror, he found himself being stalked by three leopards.

"Knowing from experience that most wild animals are frightened by the human voice, I let out a yell that scared even myself, and repeated the dose every few yards of the way back, until I was as hoarse as a crow and my yells began to lack vim."

"'Bit pleased with yourself, ain't you?' was my welcome on reaching camp. 'We heard you singing for the last hour or more!'"



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Correspondence.

23 Foxley Street,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:—Re your write-up on the Old Boys' Association, I would like to make a few remarks on same.

First I would like to mention that Bert Fobb, late of "A" Sqn., phoned me. He got my address from "The Goat," which goes to show one way for the old boys to keep in touch.

Now, you say that the regiment has failed in the attempt to get the association started. Well, what about a second attack? Let us first consider the cause of it falling through in 1919. That was a bad time to start, in my opinion. Take our militia units for example. They had a deuce

of a time to get men. Why? Because the feeling then was to get away from affairs militaire. Then again, they were not settled. I know myself I couldn't settle down to my old job and I drifted into the R.C.R. for a year. Bought out and tried civvy life again, and while I've had ups and downs, am still going strong.

Now the boys should be more settled in their ways by now, and perhaps a short editorial in "The Goat" on the aims and purposes of the association would help to remedy matters a little. By also asking the old boys to send in their opinions on this subject, and if the response is favourable a meeting could be called, say at Toronto. Once started here, branches could be started in any of the large centres where there were a number of the boys. The expenses for a reunion night need not be high. Say a theatre party or dinner, or, for a start, a sing-song or get-together night at Stanley Barracks. And I'll volunteer to get an orchestra together for the evening (gratis).

Now then, Old Boys, let's hear from you. Send in to the editor your contribution whether you are in favour of the association or not. And give the regiment something to work on. If you know any of the old bunch who do not get "The Goat" tell them about it and get them interested.

I met ex-Trumpeter Major Patterson the other day. He is staying at Birchcliffe. Pat has just got over a tough time in hospital, having been operated on for stomach trouble.

Well, sir, I hope you'll pardon this long epistle, but probably the end will justify the means, and we shall some response to the suggestion.

Wishing all the outfit, (old and present) every success for the New Year, not forgetting our old friend "The Goat,"

I am,
Sincerely yours,
R. MacLachlan.

The Editor, "The Goat,"

Sir:—Returning from my lunch one day last week, I noticed a horse hauling a dust cart. Its tongue was hanging out considerably, roughly about six inches and to the off-side. On making enquiries, the driver told me that this was due to the animal having been led with a rope in his mouth, and the consequent wound had never been stitched up.

As the driver was going my way I walked with him for a while. He told me that he received many questions regarding the cause of

his horse's ailment. Sometimes he got a bit peeved and answered shortly. Once a lady approached him, and the following conversation ensued:

Lady: "What's the matter with your horse's tongue?"

Driver: "Nothing that I know of."

"Well, I know you've got that band (nose-band) too tight."

"No, ma'am, it's not that."

"Then what causes it?"

"Well, lady, it's like this; that horse is like you—he's got too much tongue."

On another occasion a friend of his—a prohibitionist—made the inquiry: "What's the matter with your horse's tongue, George?"

"Well, Harry, he's like you, so dry that his tongue is always hanging out."

G. D. Churchward, R.S.M.

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Sir: — Enclosing postal note for a year's subscription.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades Association having been formed in Toronto on this date, I am sending to you names of old comrades who would be glad to hear of it, as the account will be more interesting in "The Goat." These are boys whom I have often met during the past four years while a policeman in Winnipeg. They are always eager to hear about old friends.

Sincerely,
Robert Higham.

TO "R. J. B."

Ye're wond'rous wise, my knowing cock,
You've set my senses all a-rock,
To guess the author off that flock
Of verses.

I read your effort with amaze.
It seems to me that you should
praise
My lines; they made of you a blaz-
ing here.

It's very kind of you, my lad,
To think of me; but also sad,
Ere you could make reply you had
To plagiarize.

You felt your senses reel and flag,
Kind words from you I could not
drag;
You needs must go and be a plagi-
iarist.

You claim they came from off
your pen;
I've read like-stuff before, but
then
They're claimed by lots of better
men
Than Reggie.

Your manner, too imperious,
It makes me quite delerious,
'Cause I take things so serious.
Such grammer!

Ye tried my fair name to besmirch,
Your head then left you in the
church
So, ye sought aid. Mayhap from
lchurch
Or layman.

Ye puling goat! Your eyes a-glare
Ye tried to mask your anxious air
Of finding words of poet—where?
Ye could answer.

We know with gen'rals you con-
sort,
And when you read this month's
retort;
Of me you'll make adverse report
At Ottawa.

Your self-conceit is most sublime.
But plagiarism is a crime.
If you can think of aught in time,
R.S.V.P.

To Q.M.S.I. R.J.B.,
Add R.C.D., also I.C.,
And all must go on bended knee
To eulogize.

Come! Be a man; put out your
paw;
Be dear old Reggie as before.
If I said aught I'm sorry for,
I'm glad of it.

This then, the Brown, who we may
state,
Kow-tows to those of high estate.
A thief of verse, — to help berate
The undersigned.

G.C.H.

Epstein was showing friends his new house. As room after room was visited he expatiated on its magnificence and called especial attention to its decoration, its gilt furniture, its brocaded hangings, and other sources of his pride.

Coming to the dining-room he threw open the heavy doors, and with a lordly gesture, said:

"And this is th' dinink-room. I vant you to look at dat panelling; the buffet is solid carved from vun piece and vas brought from a palace in Florence. The sideboard cost me twenty-vun hundred pounds, and the chairs I had specially made in Venice."

Then pointing to the dining-table, he said:

"See dat table? Solit mahogany inlaid mit brass and pearl. At dat table can sit at dinner twenty two people—God forbid."

"I say, Brown, can you spell hungry horse in four letters?"
"No—neither can you."
"M.T.G.G."

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CAPTAINS' ORDER BOOKS

(From The Army, Navy, and Air Force Gazette).

An interesting news item in the daily papers records the sale in New York of the log kept by William IV as a midshipman in the "Prince George" in 1781-82, and the record of slop clothing issued to seamen in the "Andromeda," of which he was Captain, in 1788. It may be remembered that his Royal Highness was raised from midshipman to lieutenant, and then to post-captain and given command within a year. His order-book in the "Andromeda" is printed as an appendix to the letters of Sir T. Byam Martin (Navy Records Society), who was a midshipman in the "Andromeda" at the time, and among other things which it shows is the liberty taken with the uniform regulations. It was his Royal Highness's pleasure, undoubtedly, says Byam Martin, that there should be uniformity, but the dress was of his own imagination, and quite at variance from that which the Service prescribed. White breeches as tight as possible, yellow-topped hunting boots pulled close up and buckled round the knee, a pigtail of huge dimensions dangling beneath an immense square gold-laced cocked hat, and the side hair grown to a great length and terminating with a large curl—these were features of the dress conceived and executed by the royal captain. On August 31st, 1788, in Halifax, he met several of his young gentlemen in shoes and stockings, although to his certain knowledge they went on shore "in the established dress of the ship," and a reprimand followed.

There is much to be learnt, and many contrasts to be drawn, from a perusal of these old-time captains' order-books. Another of the kind, even earlier than that of William IV, was the order-book of Captain Charles Middleton, of the "Ardent," 1775, the same officer who, as Lord Bârham, was First Lord at the time of Trafalgar. No. 21 in this order-book prescribed that no mate or midshipman was to appear on the quarter-deck in any coloured clothes except blue and white, nor go upon duty out of their uniform and commissioned officers were directed to show them an example. Order No. 7 lays down a peculiar penalty for drunkenness. A seaman or marine found drunk was to be brought up on the quarter-deck next morning and served by the purser's steward, in the presence of the commanding officer and ship's company, with a pint of salt

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Instead of answering, the colonel wrote the state prison authorities, giving the record of what had happened here.

Col. Bell is not taking any direct steps to have the man sent back here.

Spoke in Church

Bowen, it will be recalled, stood up in the Beverley Street Baptist Church one night in February, 1924, wearing the R.C.D. uniform, and stated that it was impossible to lead a Christian life in the barracks and related some of his "experiences." He charged drinking and gambling. Bowen had given his religion as Catholic when he joined the regiment.

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Far from being the man who "made such a struggle to lead a Christian life," it was shown that he had stolen from his comrades and was a frequenter of resorts. From Buffalo he wrote "thanking God that I am an American citizen and not a dirty Canadian."

Also it was brought out that Bowen spoke German fluently and corresponded in that language considerably.

Now he is in the Wisconsin State Prison on a charge of forgery. He was sent there last December.

Inspector Wallace, of the Toronto detective department, states that the police have three warrants out against him. "But we will hardly go to the trouble and expense of trying to extradite him," he said. "If he comes back to Canada we certainly will proceed against him."

Molly: "Mummy, may I go to the circus this afternoon?"

"My dear child, what an idea! Fancy wanting to go to a circus when your Aunt Emily is here."

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A maid employed by a well-known actress approached her mistress one day and said, "I've lost my instinct, miss!"

"But," said the actress, aghast, "you must be mistaken! You can't have lost your instinct."

"Oh, yes, I have, miss," repeated the girl, tearfully. "I can't smell anything at all."

The competition for 1925, owing to the strike, and absence on duty of the various officers, was not held until the month of November, when it took place in the Riding School, Cavalry Barracks.

The course erected was a very stiff one, consisting of post and rail, brush, gate and triple bar jumps, average height, five feet, the Olympic marking for faults being used.

Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., put up a very fine performance, having only one fault debited to his score, whilst Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., on "Mickey," was a close second with 1½ faults. Captain L. D. Ham-

in Canada and the United States.

A complimentary dinner was being given in honour of a certain man, and he was responding to the toast of his health.

"Gentlemen," he said, "when I came to London I was a poor boy without a penny in my pocket and nowhere to lay my head. Today I don't mind confessing that I am worth ten thousand pounds. My success I attribute entirely to the fact that I have worked hard, that I have my share of energy and efficiency, and that several years ago I won ten thousand pounds in the Calcutta Sweep."

BRAN MASH

A Scotsman had been promised a present of a new hat. Before it was bought the donor called and asked: "Would you rather have a felt or a straw hat, McPherson?"

"Weel," said the latter, "I think I'll tak a straw one. Maybe it will be a mouthful for the coo when I'm done wi' it."

A professor of logic was once endeavouring to argue "that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution of some of its parts." A wag held up a penknife, inquiring, "Suppose I lost the blade of my knife, and had another inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?"

"To be sure," replied the professor.

"Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same knife still?"

"Of course," protested the professor.

"But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?" We never learnt the professor's reply.

Customer: "Waiter, have you a parrot in this shop?"

"I don't think so, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Every now and again I hear a peculiar sort of whistle."

"Oh, that's the manager looking for the Gorgonzola."

The doctor had two pretty children. One day a woman passing two small boys heard one say to the other: "Those pretty girls over there are the doctor's children." "Yes, I know," answered the other. "He keeps the best for himself."

A party of Scots were returning North after a holiday in London, and several porters were helping them to stow away their trunks and suitcases. When the work was finished they hung around the carriage door expectantly, but no tip was forthcoming.

At last one of the porters ventured a gentle reminder. "Ain't you goin' to give us anything?" he asked.

"Of course, of course!" replied one of the Scotsmen. "I was forgetting. Boys"—turning to his friends—let's give these porters three cheers."

"Poetry doesn't pay nowadays" bemoaned the long-haired lodger.

"Neither do poets," replied the landlady, coldly.

Sports

HOCKEY

(Stanley Barracks)

On Monday, January 11th, the Stanley Barracks Hockey Team opened their season by meeting the fast-travelling St. Francis team. The Barracks team failed to score although they had many chances. The game was played in a small storm, which made the game very slow, owing to the fact that it was impossible to carry the puck very far on account of the amount of snow on the ice. The final score was 2 to 0. Tpr. Hare, in goal for the losers, played a stellar game and only for his good work the score would have been much larger. The team:

goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Smuck; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Sgt. Hare and Tpr. Nickle; substitute, Pte. Connors.

On Wednesday, January 13th, the Toronto Deaf Association defeated the Barracks team 3 to 0, in a very rough game. Tpr. Hare and L/Cpl. Galloway were the bright lights for the Barrack team, although everyone worked hard, but owing to the lack of substitutes found the going very stiff. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Smuck; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Sgt. Hare and Tpr. Nickle; sub., Pte. Connors.

On Saturday, January 16th, the Barracks team showed improved form but failed to put over a win, being beaten 4 to 2 by Wellingtons. Play was very even all the way through, and the four goals scored by Wellingtons were of the "hard-luck" variety. They were no outstanding players for the Barracks, everyone working hard for a win. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Smuck; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Sgt. Hare and Tpr. Nickle; sub., Pte. Connors.

Thursday, January 21st, saw the Barracks suffer their worst defeat of the season. St. Francis were again victors by a score of 6 to 1. The score does not represent the play. Three goals were scored in the first two minutes of the second period. The game was played on a cold and raw "bliz-zardy" night, and the team that had the misfortune to play against the wind found the going very hard. This also was the first night that there had been any ice in Toronto for five days, with the

result that it was lumpy and rough. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Smuck; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Sgt. Hare and Pte. Connors; sub., Tpr. Nickle.

Saturday afternoon, January 23rd, saw the two army teams which play in the Toronto Hockey League clash for the first time, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada being our opponents. The Q.O.R. emerged victorious by the score of 5 to 1, but the Barracks played two men short in the first period, and during this time the Q.O.R. scored four goals. After that the Barracks had the best of play but did not seem to be able to beat the opposing goalie. Galloway got the Barracks' lone tally in the last period on a nice individual effort.

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and Sgt. Hare; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Tpr. Englefield and Lieut. Chadwick; substitutes, Tpr. Marriott and Pte. Coyne.

On Monday, January 25th, the Barracks played their best game, when they "battled" thirty minutes over time with the Toronto Deaf Association to a draw of 2 each. The Dummies' first goal was of the flukey kind, travelling up in the lights and dropping behind our goalie for their first score, they put in the tieing counter with only 20 seconds to go, when both Hare and Galloway had been sent off by the referee for a couple of minutes' rest. Chadwick and Galloway scored our goals. There were no outstanding players on the Barracks team, as everyone gave all they had in order to break into the win column. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Sgt. Hare and Cpl. Barker; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Lieut. Chadwick and Tpr. Englefield; substitutes, Ptes. Coyne and Donaldson.

On Saturday, February 6th, the Barracks finally put over their first win by defeating the Queen's Own Rifles by the score of 4-1, and incidentally knocked the Q.O.R. off the top perch of our group, and by doing this created a tie between St. Francis and the Q.O.R. for first place. The outstanding player for the Barracks was Hare in goal. He made many spectacular stops, many of which were labelled goals. His ambition was to make a shut-out, as he played goal for the Q.O.R. last season, being a member of that regiment prior to joining up in the 'Draggs.' Barker, Smuck, Kyle and Galloway all played stellar parts in this win. Galloway scored the first goal on a pass from Kyle.

The second goal was scored by Fisher on a shot that split the defense; the third goal was put in by the Q.O.R. goalkeeper, Galloway shot and the puck rebounded out in front of the goal, and the goalkeeper lost his balance and sprawled on the ice; he made an attempt to bat the puck to the side but it rolled into the net. The fourth goal was scored on an individual play by Galloway. Barker and Smuck had hard luck on a couple of occasions, both getting through alone with no one but the goalie to beat, only to over-skate the puck through over-anxiousness. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Smuck; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Cpl. Kyle and Tpr. Englefield; substitutes, Cpl. Fisher and Cpl. Connors.

The Stahley Barrack team put across their second consecutive win on Monday, February 8th, by defeating the Toronto Deaf Association in the replay of the previous tie game, by the score of 2 to 0. The outstanding players for the Barracks were Hare, in goal, and Barker. The first goal was scored by Barker in the first few minutes on a rush from his own goal, the second came in the second period when Englefield made a perfect pass from the corner to Galloway, who was waiting in front of the "Dummies" goal. It was a very rough game from the commencement, owing to the fact that a defeat would put the "Dummies" out of the running. Hare, in goal, played the best game of his career, stopping everything that came his way. Everyone for the Barracks played well and showed their rooters that their previous win was no fluke. The team:

Goal, Tpr. Hare; defence, Sgt. Hare and Cpl. Barker; centre, L/Cpl. Galloway; wings, Lieut. Chadwick and Tpr. Englefield; Cpls. Fisher and Kyle.

An Inter-Troop League was formed at Toronto as soon as the ice conditions permitted the playing of games. The first game took place on Tuesday, January 26th, and resulted in a win for First Troop over the Second. The next game was on the 27th, when the Fourth Troop triumphed over Third Troop. On Tuesday, February 2nd, the First Troop played the Third Troop and scored a goal in the last minute of play, but this was protested on the grounds that the puck went in from the side. On Wednesday, the 3rd, Second Troop stepped in and handed "Jerry" Berteau's pride (Fourth Troop) a licking, which upset the dope somewhat. On Fri-

day, February 5th, the First and Third Troops replayed their game with the result that First Troop started right in at the beginning to make sure there would be no disputes, and handed the Third Troop a licking.

The semi-final game was played on Tuesday, February 9th, between the Second and Fourth Troops. The Fourth Troop came out on top by the score of 5 to 1, and meet the First Troop in the final game. This win boosted the odds on the Fourth Troop for the final game, being picked by many to defeat the First Troop.

The final game of the Inter-Troop League took place Thursday, February 11th, and was won by the First Troop, 2-0. This game was a fast one, notwithstanding the fact that most of the players were rookies. The First Troop showed signs of good coaching in that they always bored in for rebounds, and both their goals were obtained in this manner. The first goal was scored by Cpl. Simpkins, who followed up his own shot and batted in the rebound, and Sgt. "Bad Man" Buell did the same thing for the second counter. The teams were as follows:

First Troop—Goal, Cpl. Waters; defence, Sgt. Buell and Cpl. Simpkin; centre, Tpr. Faulkner; wings, Tprs. Rhem and Houston.

Fourth Troop—Goal, Tpr. Webb, defence, Capt. Berteau and Tpr. Lefebvre; centre, Tpr. Marriott; wings, Tprs. Stafford and Hood.

Referee—Cpl. M. J. R. Barker, R.C.R.

The next game of hockey which is creating a great amount of interest within barracks is the competition for possession of the Stanley Barracks Hockey Cup. This cup was won by "B" Squadron, R.C.D., in 1913, the last time it was put up for competition. The R.C.R. were not looked upon as being up to strength so far as hockey talent is concerned, but surprised everyone in a challenge game that took place a couple of weeks ago, when the R.C.D. only defeated them 2 to 1 after overtime. Both the R.R.C. and the R.C.D. at this station are determined to capture this cup, so the game promises to be a "rip-snorter" from start to finish.

Plans are now under way for the Station team to travel to Camp Borden and play the Camp Borden Intermediate O.H.A. team, with a return game in Toronto at a later date. This trip will most likely take place on Friday, February 19th. Our only hope is that when our players land at Camp Borden they do not go "up in the air" until after the game is over.

St. Johns Hockey Notes

The very favourable weather we have experienced this year has enabled us to keep our hockey programme right up to schedule. This is a fact that will bear commenting on. In former years, owing to inclement weather, snow fatigues, and pleasant little things like that, we have invariably been about two or three games behind our schedule, and in some cases our hockey programme has been curtailed, which is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, especially when one's team is winning.

We have yet to win a game in the City League. Of course, when we lost one or two of last year's players, we fully expected to have a "hard row to hoe" during the present season, but when our "tower of strength," Capt. Home, was transferred, it practically put the "kybosh" on the whole thing. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the members of our team are young and are improving all the time. This season's work will be valuable to them and we can confidently look forward to a big improvement in our team in the near future. When

we remember that sport is encouraged in the army, not for the sole purpose of winning games, but rather to inculcate the "sporting spirit" among the rank and file, we have every reason to be proud of our team. Facing almost certain defeat in every game, our men have gone on the ice and given of their best. When the score has been against them they have never flagged, but have played hard and stubbornly to the end of the game. They have not descended to rough tactics, trying to counter-balance their opponents' superior skill, which is proved by the penalties handed out to them, which are almost negligible. Cpl. "Pete" McKerral, who has been on the team for the last four seasons, is playing as hard as ever, and a good clean player, (whenever he is sent to the penalty box it's something to write home about), the ever-smiling "Pete" has proved the backbone of the team during the present season. Sgt. "Dave" Gardner has come back to his old position, where he is stopping them just the same as ever. Capt. Drury still picks out the "hot ones" in the net. The remainder are young and new-comers to the team, and, as before stated, will

be heard more of in the future.

In the Garrison Hockey League, the R.C.R. are carrying all before them. The infantrymen are playing a very nice game and concentrating more on the puck than the man, which, unfortunately, is not the case with every team in the league. This team has only lost one game and is almost certain to win the championship. Their representatives are: Pte. Taylor, Sgt. Godin, L/Cpl. Francoeur, Major Salmon, Cpl. Parker, Pte. Plourde, Pte. Cameron, Pte. Washington, and Pte. Laffond.

First Troop occupy the cellar, having yet to win a game. They are to be complimented for turning out cheerfully and trying hard in every game. The players are: Tpr. Woolcock, Tpr. Hopewell, Tpr. Hodgkinson, Tpr. Shorrocks, Tpr. Watson, Tpr. English, Tpr. Desfosses, and last, but not least, Tpr. Dooley.

Second Troop occupy third position in the league, but if they keep on as they have been going they will probably oust Third Troop from second place. They are a hard-working team and have played some close games with the R.C.R., and have beaten Third Troop once. They number among

their players some "boys of the old brigade." Players: Tpr. Constantine, Tpr. Gilmore, Cpl. Desnoyers, L/Cpl. Boucher, Tpr. Mundell, Tpr. White, Cpl. Lacerte, Tpr. Dupuis, Tpr. Meade and Tpr. Dresser.

Third Troop, last year's champion's, started out the present season as if they were going to duplicate last season's performance, but apparently could not stand the pace. They are a hard side to beat when they forget to be temperamental. They have defeated the R.C.R. in one game. Players: Capt. Hammond, Tpr. Martin, Tpr. Anderson, Tpr. Ross, Tpr. Bilton, Cpl. Green, Tpr. Bold, Tpr. Cross and Tpr. Lafaille.

Owing to lack of space, we are publishing the results in tabloid form:

1. Jan. 5th, R.C.R. 1; 3rd Troop, 2.
2. 9th, 1st Troop, 1; 2nd Troop, 8.
3. 10th, R.C.R. 9; 1st Troop, 1.
4. 12th, 3rd Troop, 5; 2nd Troop, 1.
5. 16th, R.C.R., 5; 2nd Troop, 1.
6. 17th, 3rd Troop, 5; 1st Troop, 1.
7. 19th, R.C.R., 4; 3rd Troop 1.

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and Quality.**

23rd, 1st Troop, 1; 2nd Troop, 9.
 24th, R.C.R., 7; 1st Troop, 1.
 31st, 3rd Troop, 1; 1st Troop, 0.
 Feb. 2nd, R.C.R., 7; 3rd Troop, 0.
 3rd, 1st Troop, 4; 2nd Troop, 9.
 6th, R.C.R., 1; 1st Troop, 0.
 7th, 2nd Troop, 5; 3rd Troop, 2.
 9th R.C.R., 2; 2nd Troop, 1.
 10th, 3rd Troop, 6; 1st Troop, 2.

League standing up to February 10th, 1926:

Team	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
R.C.R.	8	7	1	34	6	14
3rd Trp.	8	5	3	21	21	10
2nd Trp.	6	3	3	24	19	6
1st Trp.	8	0	8	10	44	0

On Sunday, February 14th, the Maple Leaf Hockey Club of Montreal visited St. Johns to play a friendly game with the Garrison team. Maple Leaf numbered among their players two former members of "A" Squadron, ex-Tprs. Kelly and Brebner.

In the first period the play was slowed up by the amount of snow on the ice, which made puck-carrying very difficult. McKerral scored the first goal of the match with a nice shot from the boards. The visitors staged an offensive and scored when Godin deflected the puck into his own net. The visitors kept up their rushing tactics and scored another goal just before the period ended.

The snow having been cleaned off the ice during the intermission, the second frame opened with a rush. Both teams were working hard. Capt. Drury stopped a number of likely-looking shots in this session. The visitors were always dangerous; they never hung on to the puck but always shot from just outside the defence and were pretty good marksmen. The members of the home team were evidently bent on shaking hands with the goalkeeper before shooting. The visitors, working on information no doubt, kept McKerral under strict surveillance. No scoring took place in this period.

The last period was a battle royal. The home team was all out to equalize, while the visitors were striving to "cinch the game." This period was a repetition of end-to-end rushes, which were frustrated in front of goal by each defence. Towards the end, during a scrimmage, Gardener knocked the puck into his own net. The result was, Maple Leaf 3, Garrison 1. Tpr. Gilmore refereed the game with strict impartiality. There was only one minor penalty handed out throughout the match, though the play was robust.

The following represented the

Garrison: Capt. Drury, Sgt. Gardner, Sgt. Godin, Tpr. Martin, Cpl. McKerral, Tpr. Brennan, L/Cpl. Rowe, Cpl. Green and L/Cpl. Boucher.

The Twenty-five Yards Indoor Range.

The Service Rifle with Gallery Practise Ammunition vs. The Small Bore .22 Rifle

The .22 rifle is an extremely accurate weapon, easily handled, and with reasonable practise almost any person with normal eyesight may obtain remarkable scores. On the other hand, it has not the weight, trigger pressure, or bolt-action of the service rifle. The member of an association firing in a .22 competition rarely possesses his own weapon.

As a weapon, the .22 is primarily intended—from a military point of view—to promote interest in shooting amongst boys who have not yet attained an age where they can make effective use of the service rifle. In military circles it is regarded as a preliminary to the service rifle.

It is an excellent rifle for cadet corps, ladies' clubs, or associations composed of members engaged in sedentary occupations.

One may proceed to a well-lit and steam-heated hall, lie down on a nicely-padded firing point, and with little effort beyond taking an accurate aim obtain a most satisfactory score.

The .303 rifle, using gallery practise ammunition, will not give the same high scoring results, but is much more satisfactory for training purposes. The man has the satisfaction of using his own rifle, and also gains considerable experience in holding, aiming and correct trigger-release. The ammunition is not such as will give the same close grouping as the .22, but with practise every man should obtain an average of 85 per cent., while the more experienced shots should average over 90 per cent.

Taking all these points into consideration, it is obvious that service rifle competitions should be encouraged to take precedence on the indoor range. At one time, gallery practise ammunition was regarded as a menace to a good barrel, but improved scientific cleaning materials have eliminated this danger.

Gold has been found in Yakutsk, Siberia, but how are people to ask their way to the place?

Theatrical Notes. Coming Attractions.

"DE CAMERON NIGHTS"

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"THE FOUR HOARSE MEN OF THE PUCKERED LIPS"

By Vincente Ibareknees

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A Tragedy in Four Days, by Si Atica.

A few press comments:

"Hard to swallow at times but it has its white spots."—Calgary Eye Opener.

"A perfect gargle of mirth."—Boston Baked Bean.

"Will appeal to the ladies who like swab stuff."—St. Johns News.

"A strong part for the romantic tragedian, Kal O'Mel. The whole play went along with the graceful movement which we have come to expect from Mr. O'Mel. It was a bitter pill for me to swallow when I found all the seats gone."—"Mary," in the Ibberville Times.

"STEPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

By Wonu Herdem

A Farce in Two Acts and Many Scenes

A man went to have his photograph taken. "Mounted or otherwise?" asked the photographer.

"Aye, I'll have it taken mounted," replied the man; "but I don't know what the wife will say; she's never seen me on a horse before."

"George, if you don't stop I'll scream—I'll call mother! Mother! Mother!..."

"Oh, my goodness, George, here she comes. I never dreamed that she was at home!"

The golfer nonchalantly stepped up to the tee and swung one of those carelessly careful drives. The ball sailed down the fairway, leaped across the green, and dived into the hole like a young rabbit.

"What have you suddenly gone crazy about?" asked the golfer's wife, who was trying to learn something of the game.

"Why, I just did that hole in one," answered the husband, as he essayed a catherine-wheel with a

wild gleam of delight in his eyes.

"Did you?" queried the other sweetly. "Please do it again, dear—I didn't see you!"

Wife (in new car): "What's the matter, dear?"

Husband: "Can't get this confounded self-starter to work. There must be a short circuit somewhere."

"How annoying. Can't you lengthen it?"

He (absent-mindedly): "You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna."

She: "Why, my name is Sue."

He (recovering): "I say you're a dear, sweet girl, Anna love you with all my heart."

Young husband (bashfully): "We want to look at a bedroom suite."

"Yes, sir. Do you want twin beds?"

Young wife: "Oh, no! Just a small cradle."

2925 Anno Domini.

(By Cpl. J. D. Frazer, R.C.D.)

Professor Harrington, of the Iberville University, assisted by Mr. Dooley, of that same seat of learning, has spent the last few months in Nova Scotia investigating the ancient ruins around the site of the old city of Sydney. Among their finds were a number of stone slabs on which are carved many strange characters, and what is without doubt an ancient form of writing. The professor, with the help of his learned assistant, has deciphered the writing on one of these stones. It would appear that this stone tells the story of a strenuous time in the history of the Sydney of long ago. We have been fortunate enough to secure the exclusive rights of this story and publish it in this issue for the edification of our readers.

"And it came to pass that a combine known as Besco was a great power in the land. This Besco did own great coal mines and mills from which they did obtain much wealth and did employ vast multitudes. These peoples burrowed into the bowels of the earth and extracted untold treasures therefrom, which Besco seized and fed into its ever-hungry maw. Now the multitude, being led by one MacLachlan, did come to think that they were not being fairly paid for their labours, so they sent their leaders unto the big men of Besco, saying to them, 'Yea, we, the poor of the land, work seven days in the week and only get paid for five, and when we approach the big boss at the end of the week for our pay he handeth us a slip which says such things as 'Store, so much; Hospital, so much; Doctor, so much; Church, anything that happens to be left through an oversight on the part of the Besco's staff; but he does not hand us our hard-earned money, and so, unless we get paid for that which we do, you had better gird your loins in preparation for what will follow.' The big men of Besco answereth them, saying, 'Yea, we only pay you for five days, but we give you much in return for the days on which we do not pay you.' And so they wrangled much, the multitude and Besco. And so it came to pass that the multitude refused to labour, and for many moons the multitude did nothing until they became hungry and naked, and cast down with sorrow. But at last a star of hope, or it may have been a band of hope, appeared in the land, and word went forth for the multitude to foregather in dead of night out-

side a certain building made of wood, on which was printed in flaming letters "Besco." And when the multitude had gathered they did heave "Irish confetti" at the windows of this building, and then did enter the building and remove the contents even to the last bar of soap. And the hearts of the multitude was now filled with gladness, for they had large supplies of venison, a plentiful supply of flour, (a powder with which the maidens of that time used to bedeck their faces, that they might appear fair in the sight of the young men) and many beautiful garments. The multitude did now rejoice and hold high carnival. Of the building of wood, they made a bonfire, and joining hands, did dance round and round gleefully.

It now came to pass that a neighbouring tribe, that lived in a town called New Waterford did seize and take possession of a building made of stone and brick, which did contain a vast conglomeration of pipes, wheels, machines and dirty garments. Behold the great men of Besco did send to this tribe a number of faithful henchmen, dressed in flowing garments of blue with buttons of silver, saying unto them—"Clear ye out this rabble if you would hold your jobs in the days of peace, and plenty to come, and leave not one man or anything that resembles a man, in that building of brick and stone. Then they put these henchmen on firey chargers, which had been taken from between the shafts for this special purpose, and sped them away wth that famous parthian shot, "Come back with your horse and on it." But the multitude, hearing of this, did say "Let 'em all come, we'll show them what's what. And when some of these faithful henchmen found themselves on horseback, their spirit turned to water and and they wished themselves back on the ground, but the horses, once started, would not stop, and the men in blue had much to do to keep one leg each side of the horse. And in this fashion they came to New Waterford. Now the leaders of the blue-coats did harangue the crowd, telling them what would happen if they did not go home, but one of the multitude answered him, saying, "So's your old man," and did then heave a brick, which the leader of the blue-coats dodged and in dodging lost his balance and fell from hi's mettlesome steed. Then the multitude did advance on the bluecoats and smote them hip-and-thigh, and one of the faithful did then lose his temper and drew from his girdle an instrument of steel, saying, "If I

can't ride a horse I can still manage a colt," and did then hurl a thunderbolt at one of the multitude, which so upset the latter that he sickened and died. Now the multitude did become slightly angry and did drive their opponents before them, tearing their robes of blue from off their backs which they did trample into the mud. Then the faithful henchmen were driven out and scoffed at by the women of the multitude. And their horses were gathered and turned into the "fertilizing plant" that they might be of some use to the community at large.

Now when this happening became known the poor of the land did rejoice exceedingly. Then did they rise in their might, and from the stores of the rich, more especially from those marked "Besco," they took many articles of value. And at night-time were they more jubilant, for out of many dwellings, storehouses and temles of the rich they did make many bonfires.

Now the great men in the land, being hit in the pocket, did wax exceedingly wrathful and, through their papers, did hurl many harsh epithets at the multitude, calling them bolshies, reds, and even polaks. But the leader of the multitude, also having a paper, did

ridicule them, saying in effect, "Banana Oil." Then did the great men, or, as the classical writers of that period called them, big bugs, send a trusty messenger to the greatest of them all, one Mackenzie King, who resideth in the small village of Ottawa, many leagues distant, asking for help. This Ottawa was sometimes called By-town, because the inhabitants were renowned for sitting still and letting the rest of the world go by. And the herald, reaching Ottawa, did present his message, which said, "Hail! O King, called Mackenzie. We are indeed sore pressed. Our warriors are scattered to the four winds of heaven and the multitude are taking our corn and burning our temples. Therefore, we beseech ye to send us many warriors, both of horse and foot, and also those with the chariots that belch forth fire and smoke, casting thunderbolts at the enemy, that we may restore peace in the land. And send ye also those warriors of renown, the Army Nervous Corps, who sometimes supply the soldiers with food and raiment, but have more often been known to have deprived the soldier of his due, selling the supplies to the multitude, that their coffers might be filled with much gold and silver, enabling them to



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indulge in their low taste for strong waters that gladden the heart of man, and also enabling them to purchase the chariot which requires not a horse to move it. And send ye also those who tend the warrior in sickness and rob him in death, and are called the Army Emetical Corps, because they can never be made to disgorge that which they have once gained. But be sure that you send that famous body of teetotalers and prohibitioners, "A" Sqn., Royal Canadian Dragoons. And see unto it that one known to his comrades as Mud —, a warrior of great personal beauty and many gallant deeds in the depth of the woods, be sure to come, that we may give him the best in the land —yea, even our most beautous maiden, she who wears the cap of white.

And so it came to pass that six score and ten good warriors and true and otherwise, did travel out of the peaceful land of the west into the land of strife. And the women of the rich, and even the women of the poor, did give these warriors a great welecoming, casting longing looks in their direction, for behold, these are men of much beauty, of ample proportions, with flowing looks and beards much darkened by soot. But the multitude did not cast longing looks at the warriors, instead did they cast many stones and bricks and abuse and many naughty words. But the men of "A" Squadron did not heed the naughty words—they were used to them.

And the night of the warriors' arrival in Sydney showing promise of rain the men of "A" Squadron did proceed in a galley over the water to the town of North Sydney. And on the journey a charger did much befoul the stateroom of the captain of the galley, and the captain did wax exceedingly wrathful and heaped much abuse on the head of the rider of the animal. But this rider, being a man of quick temper, did tell the captain to perform a physical impossibility with his ship, thus causing much ill-feeling between the soldiers and sailors. Now among the soldiers was an under-officer called Charlie, who was a man of great strength, even his language being much stronger than that of his comrades, and he rode a charger of white, and was also a man of very quiet disposition. Now when the warriors started to "swing the lead," which was a very popular pastime among the warriors of that time, but was sternly discouraged by their officers as it interfered with their chargers' health, this under-officer

called Charlie did chide them, saying, "Verily, verily I say unto you, though my words be few my deeds are many; though my voice be weak, my arm is strong; so beware, for he who doeth not that which I tell him, I'll fix him." And the warriors marveled, but one of them smiled in derision, and Charlie, seeing him, said, "And you, get your hair cut," this warrior was humbled exceedingly, for his flowing locks were very pleasant in the sight of the maidens of that place. At another time a warrior who used to produce weird noises from a horn called the saxe, slumbered whilst on watch amongst the horses. And for this he did receive such abuse that he vowed to depart from his comrades and go to a distant city where he could live a life of ease among the flesh-pots. And this thing he did do afterwards, but finding the flesh-pots did not last, he became hungry, and returned to the three square meals per diem, and for this he suffered a grevious penalty.

And the multitude, not knowing Charlie, did wonder how a man so meek could control a number of warriors so wild and rowdy. Now for twenty days and twenty nights these warriors from the west did adventure forth into the highways and byways of divers places, seeking the lighters of many bonfires, and on many occasions they did come into conflict with the multitude. And the men of "A" Squadron did distinguish themselves and strike terror into the heart of the multitude, for these horse-soldiers charged the mob with much dash and ferocity and inflicted much punishment with their koshes. And when the multitude saw the horse-soldiers led by one on a white charger they would creep away in fear and trembling and not show their faces for many hours thereafter. But when they saw the warriors of "B" Squadron they would congregate in groups and pass many facetious remarks. Then would these warriors become angry and they would charge the mob at a furious walk, and the multitude would continue to jeer, likening the soldiers to market-women on asses that had partaken of strong waters. Now amongst these soldiers was an officer called Wood, surnamed Scrounger. This warrior was largely instrumental in having the troops removed from Sydney, as even the great men found they could not afford to lose so many articles of value. Another famous warrior with "B" Squadron was Clulow, surnamed Cobbler, who was very wrathful after he had laved him-

self in waters that were strong. Now it came to pass that the mob had interferred with the amorous pursuits of a certain officer of "A" Squadron at a town called Dominion and help was requested. So the warriors of "B" Squadron girded their loins and prepared to sally forth. But the Commanding Officer, finding the horses were sleeping sweetly in their little beds, did hate to disturb them, as a sudden awakening might give them a severe shock and thus cause the dust to be shaken from their coats and thereby strangle them, so he ordered a warrior named Mead, surnamed The Dope, to bring forth his chariot which required no horses to make it go. (These are the chariots before referred to, without which no member of the Detrimental Corps is complete). And the chariot being brought forth, the soldiers piled in and were taken to the seat of the disturbance, or as close to it as was compatible with modesty. Now the gasoline chariot had to return to Glace Bay, and the doughty warrior Clulow was to act as escort. When the chariot passed through Dominion the multitude greeted it with showers of bricks, and Clulow's heart was torn with anguish at the damage being done

to the chariot, so he loosed a thunderbolt at the mob and struck terror into their hearts. All this time Mead, surnamed The Dope, had been asleep, but when the thunder-bolt exploded he awoke and said "Eh?" thinking someone was conversing with him. And when the chariot returned to Dominion the under-officer in charge was very peeved at Clulow; and this officer called Tom, and surnamed Gertie, said unto Clulow, "Here, O man of little brains, give me thy rifle, that I may be sure it is safe for thy comrades." And Clulow handeth it to him, saying, "That's all right, going to have one." But Tom vouchsafed him no reply, but examined the rifle, which, when satisfied, he returned. Now when Clulow received his rifle again his heart was so filled with joy that he again pressed the trigger, and lo and behold, away hurtled another thunder-bolt, unpleasantly close to all the warriors assembled around. And everyone jumped, but Tom jumped higher than all put together, and when he had reached the earth again he seized the rifle from Clulow, saying, "O man of asinine intellect, if thou hadst a pea-shooter thou wouldest destroy all mankind." And the heart of

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Clulow was torn in anguish, so that he went and solaced his lacerated soul in strong waters and, becoming maudlin, sang "Nobody loves me." For the remainder of this night of many happenings the men of "B" Squadron were filled with "wind-up," for they knew not their friends from their foes, and kept watchful eyes upon each other all through the night.

Now the multitude had met with so much defeat that their spirit turned to water, and they did gather in groups and said one to the other, "These soldiers are indeed great warriors like unto the legions of ancient Rome, so let us not meet them in open strife, but endeavour to defeat them by guile." And so it came to pass that the multitude started to put temptations in the way of the warriors, and many being weak, fell from the path of virtue. But "A" Squadron, being mighty in morals as well as in deeds, did easily resist this temptation, with the exception of one who was called a corporal and wore over his eyes glasses, that his sight might be improved. This warrior, in a moment of weakness, succumbed to the wiles of a beauteous damsel called Blue Jay, and did take this maiden to a lonely part of the ramparts by night, and there did

exchange many sweet nothings. And hearing this, the captain had this man paraded before him on the mat, and said, "O ye of little sense, what is this thou hast done? Is thy wage too much that thou must run the risk of having it depreciated? Why did ye do this thing which thy comrades abhor?" And the warrior, hanging his head, answered in this manner, "O my captain, in the ways of the field and bivouac I am a warrior old in wisdom beyond my years, but in the ways of women I am even as a little child. The woman, who was of surpassing fairness, tempted me, and I fell, even as better men than me have fallen from time immemorial. I could mention David, Mark Anthony, Napoleon or Tom King, not that I wish to compare myself with those military geniuses, but just as an instance of how weak a warrior may become in the hands of a woman; and if you will overlook my lapse this time I will go on my way rejoicing, and fall not by the wayside again." And the captain, knowing this woman Blue Jay full well, felt great sorrow for this warrior and said unto him, "Man, go thy way in peace, for thou are forgiven; but look to it that thou dost not repeat thy indiscretion."

And for many moons the soldiers did endure many hardships, but being men wise in the ways of the camp and bivouac, they did at length cause doubts to enter into the minds of the multitude, that they sent their leaders to the great men of the land. And when these spokesmen came before the big bugs they said, "Lords, ye have brought into the land these warriors from the west, who have smitten many of our followers grievous blows with those weapons they call the kosh. They have ridden their war-horses upon and over us, have eaten our corn, and have even supped all our waters that are strong, as these warriors have a wonderful thirst, especially the ones from that arid land called Ontario. They have enticed our women from us, yea, even our fairest. So, Lords, if you will but restore our women to us and send back these warriors to the place from which they came, we will return to our labours." Then the great men of the land spake unto the leaders of the multitude, saying, "Foolish ones, return ye to your labours and we will send from this land the soldiers that we brought from the west; but as to returning to ye your women, that is a thing no man can do, for they have given of their hearts

elsewhere, and even we are in the same position as ye, for what the warriors have done to ye, their officers have done to us." Now when the soldiers heard these things they approached the great men of the land, saying, "Lords, ye have promised us the best of the land, even to the fairest maidens, and as we have done well that which we came to do, we now claim our reward." But the great men answered them, saying, "Yea, your work you have indeed done well, and suffered great hardships in so doing, but you have also helped yourselves freely to our strong waters and our women, thus causing much hard feeling in the land. However, what has been done cannot be undone, so why should we give those things which we promised?"

And so it came about that the soldiers did leave this land of graft and strife with heads bowed down in sorrow, for as they received not that wealth which they were promised the fickle women did leave them and return to the multitude. And so it came about that there was once again great rejoicing in this land of plenty.

Harold: "Most people are not what they used to be."

"What do you mean?"

"Children."

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"I'm afraid I'm catching a cold," said the Aberdonian, hoping for some medical advice free. "Every once in a while I feel an itching in my nose, and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that doctor?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I think I'd sneeze, too."

"Vat vorries me," said old man Rosalski to his friend Jones, after a deal between them, "is vere you Christians get all the money ve take from you. It can't last for ever, you know."

She (just kissed by him): "How dare you? Father said he would kill the first man who kissed me."

He: "How interesting! And did he?"

The superintendent of a private lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds a few weeks after his appointment, when suddenly one of the inmates accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, raising a top-hat, "but I have great pleasure in informing you that I and my unfortunate friends like you better than the last."

"Thank you," said the new man, pleasantly. "And may I ask you why?"

"Well, sir," answered the lunatic, "you seem more like one of ourselves."

Doctor: "Exercise is what you need, my man; what do you work at?"

Patient: "I'm a bricklayer."

"Lay an extra brick every day!"

An M.P. who was a staunch advocate of sex equality sat next to a very clever woman at a dinner-party, and in reply to a remark of hers said: "My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage. I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way."

"Oh," said the woman, sweetly, "now you're boasting!"

"Mother," said Johnny, "is it correct to say you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, quite correct."

"Then" (picking up a saucer) "I'm going to milk the cat."

Customer (to grocer): "That bacon you sent me yesterday was bad."

Grocer (indignantly): "Impossible, madam! Why, it was only cured last week."

"Well, then, it has had a relapse."

Jack: "I shall marry for beauty" Jessie "And I for brains."

An onlooker: "Well, everybody for what he needs most!"

Two professional golfers playing off an important tie were much annoyed by the antics of a very slow pair in front of them.

At the seventh hole a particular long wait was in store for them. One of the slow pair in front appeared to have lost his ball, for he stood foraging about in the rough whilst his friend languidly puffed at a cigarette.

Finally one of the professionals called out:

"I say, why don't you help your friend to find his ball?"

The stroller turned around and with a cheerful smile, replied:

"It isn't his ball he's looking for, my friend, it's his jolly old club he's trying to find."

An Englishman took an American to see "Hamlet."

"You are sure behind the times over here," commented the American. "Why, I saw 'Hamlet' in New York four years ago."

Visitor: "Where is the mistress?"

Maid: "She's down in the kitchen peeling onions. She is expecting her husband, and she wants to cry a new hat out of him."

County Court judge (to a very talkative woman witness): "Stop, my good woman! You are wasting the time of the court. More than half of what you have said is totally irrelevant."

Witness: "Well, I do declare! That's a nice thing, and here I've been a regular church-goer for year and years."

Mrs. Pryer: "John, I have been as busy as I could all day."

Pryer: "My, I'll bet you found out a lot, my dear!"

"Are they seasoned troops?"

"Seasoned? I should say so! First they were mustered by their officers and then peppered by the enemy!"

"John, you seem fond of going to the pictures lately. What's the reason?"

"Well, it's such a relief to see women opening their mouths without hearing them!"

Gertie: "It hurts me, George, to think how you have changed. You used to catch me in your arms

every night."

George: "Yes; and now I catch you in my pocket every morning."

Pat: "That was a foine sintoiment Casey got off at the banquet last night."

Mike: "What was it?"

"He said that the swatest mimories in life are the ricollection of things forgotten!"

Fond Wife: "Will, do you know you haven't kissed me for a week?"

Absent-minded Professor: "No? Dear me, how annoying! Who have I been kissing?"

Johnny was in the habit of swearing mildly when anything did not please him. One day the minister heard him and said:

"Johnny, don't you know you shouldn't swear? It is naughty of you. Why, every time I hear you swear it sends a cold chill down my back."

"That's nothing," said Johnny. "If you'd been at my house the other day when my dad got his nose caught in the clothes wringer you'd have froze to death."

"Well, the fact is, my name is not Gibson," said a noted person to a commercial traveller. "You see, I'm travelling incog. There's my card."

"Glad to hear it," replied the commercial. "I'm travelling in pickles. Here's mine."

The eminent musician was enjoying himself. Usually these concerts left him cold.

The attraction of the evening was a young pianist, with more hair than technique, but ladies liked him.

With great enthusiasm the young man poured his soul into the piano and attempted to reproduce it in the shape of a loquacious sonata, for he was ambitious of obtaining the favour of the old master.

Having concluded his sonata, he sauntered, dreamy-eyed, over to the old professor and murmured: "That tune haunts me."

"Shades of Beethoven! Why shouldn't it?" snapped the old man. "You've murdered it!"

Two girls were strolling in a garden at twilight. "I wonder," said the first, "if George really loves me." "Of course he does," said the second. "Why should he make you an exception?"

Fair collector: "Wouldn't you like to help the Old Ladies' Home, sir?" He (intent on game): "I certainly shouldn't. It seems to me that the old ladies ought to be

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able to get home by themselves."

Only one man in love ever told the truth. That was Adam when he said, "Eve, you're the only woman in the world for me."

The lecturer in health had finished his discourse and invited his audience to ask questions concerning points that might seem to need clearing up, when a tired-looking man inquired anxiously:

"Professor, what do you do when you can't sleep at night?"

"I usually stay awake, although of course, everybody should feel at liberty to do otherwise. Are there any more questions?"

Mrs. Dote: "Yes, my daughter has a great ear for music."

Guest: "Well, that wouldn't be so bad if she didn't think she had a voice for it too."

She was a sentimental young girl, and had devoted much time and tender thought to home decorations. Her surprise may be imagined when she came downstairs one morning and found the decorations moved around, and all the

mistletoe hanging in the windows.

"Say, sister," explained her little brother, "you've had that mistletoe hanging up for nearly a week and you haven't had a single customer. You're not up-to-date. What you want to do is to advertise."

While working on a scaffold in Glasgow man slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up, and another man went off to warn his wife of his arrival home.

"I hae a sad duty tae perform, Mrs. Macdonald," he began, sympathetically. "Yer husban'—"

"Is he on the spree again?" demanded Mrs. Macdonald.

"Na. He's—"

"Mebbe he's got intae the jail again?"

"Na, na. He's fa'en off the scaffolding an' broken his leg."

"An' why dae ye come roon' here wi' a face like a lum, scarin' a puir body near to death, makin' her think something awfu' had happened?" cried the woman, angrily. "Bring him hame, and tak' care naethin' fa's oot o' his pockets."

The young subaltern had just joined the regiment. He was a frightfully nervous boy, particularly in the mess, where he was almost afraid to move for fear of behaving in some way contrary to etiquette.

At last the major, rough, but kindly at heart, took pity on him and slapping him on the back, said jovially: "I suppose it's the old, old story—what? The fool of the family sent into the army?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the young man seriously. "Things have altered a lot since your day."

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Lady Byng Inspired by Rockies



His Excellency sets out for his morning ride from Banff station

let me tell you, it is well worth it. I do so regret that people will go to the South of France or some seaside resort, rather than view the beauties of their own Canadian Rockies and of Vancouver Island."

Lady Byng described her first view of the Rockies. "It was so great an inspiration. I cannot convey the beauty and wonder of that undulating line rising out of the mist; that endless, unending chain of marvellous mountains and the valleys below in colours of aquamarine and emeralds."

The opinion of Her Excellency regarding Western Canada is not that of a mere passerby. With the Governor-General she has been all over the country, going by motor where the rail and river do not penetrate.

"There are those," said Lady Byng, "who visit Canada landing at Quebec, coming on to Montreal, proceeding to Ottawa, and Toronto, who have gone away giving their view on Canada. Such views are always defective even if sometimes they are not wholly unfair and unjust. Canada's bigness is evident on the map, but its actual size is only realized through direct contact and acquaintanceship."

The idea of interchanging visits east and west is developing the attitude so admirably taken by the wife of the Governor-General should speed the movement and give it wider impetus.

In our Dominion different localities have different interests and problems,

Her Excellency, Lady Byng

and nothing but a close and sympathetic study of cause and effect will solve the difficulties which confront the country as a whole. Books and newspapers assist somewhat in bringing into closer touch the eastern, central and western regions of the Dominion. But not until the people living east visit the west and the people in the west visit the older provinces — visit them with the intention of becoming acquainted with the life and ideals of the native born, will any degree of intimacy or understanding be reached.

The lesson of Lady Byng's speech, then, is for Canadians, when they go travelling on holiday, to extend their knowledge of the structure and economic life of the people in other parts of the country than their own and to see for themselves the beauty of Canadian scenery which travellers from other lands say is unexcelled the world over and of which every province has its full share — see Canada first, and see it from Halifax to Victoria.

We would respectfully ask all readers, whose subscription expires this month, to renew their subscription as soon as possible.

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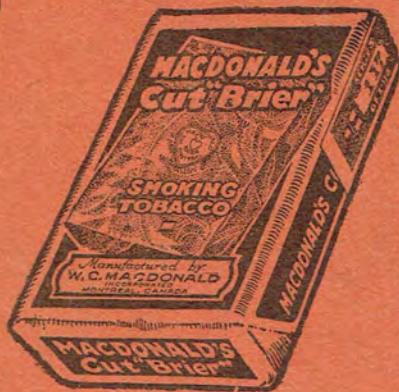
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